9/10/70

Dear Sylvia,

An unfortunate accident to Jim Lesar, being an eye-witness to an attempted robbery, has him 55 minutes late getting home and gives me time for hasty response to your letter of the 9th. However, because I think I should send a copy to Mary, I must content myself on one score, to avoid making her blush, to saying no more than we could not agree more.

Instead of the other things I should be doing, I do make this immediate response because this letter contains what I might take as the beginning of an understanding of what I conceive to be a possibility. Please reread your third paragraph and ask yourself can your thinking carry you either forward, or in another direction, or does it raise new questions of which you have, as yet, indicated no awareness. If I go further I risk the possibility of conditioning your thinking, and that I would not do. I'm into so much I now longer have clear recall of some details of what I have written. If I have not already made the suggestion, and it is no more than conjecture on my part, I believe of all the people to whom this may have been sent, you and I may have been intended as the principal targets. To date, every reaction I have gotten is the same as yours, passion and disgust. I asked Bud what he did and he said merely, "puke". That, I think is inadequate and not productive.

There is a counterpart to the old saw I used (and you repeated) about the character of friends. We have enemies who in their way serve as friends, as you will also come to know.

The cat presents no problem here, unless you would worry about its being free when outside and subjected to what is foreign to its except through instinct, which I think can be depended upon. I doubt it is active enough to catch our rabbits or birds, and it has disposition, and I think is not stupid enough to go swimming. We are old cat lovers who have not replaced our last because we have elected to live with the wildlife, some of which Mary had a chance to see. The rabbits come right up to the house to graze, casting trusting eyes at us as they do. Mary saw our quail about 40 feet away-and they did not flee. You understand "pur" to mean love rather than possession, I hope -and perhaps that I have been criticized for this aberration.

Should you decide to come here for a weekend, the easiest way is by Greyhound, which means a layover of up to an hour in some cases in Baltimore. I presume you would use the time, not waste it, as I do, in reading. Total travel time is no more than four hours, about that of a trip to Washington. It simply does not pay to fly.

I expect to send you a copy of what I sent Paul, but I think it best that before doing it you exhaust the possibilities of your own independent judgement first. It is not as easy for you because your mind is so preoccupied by your employment....Above I meant your second paragraph.

I don't know whether Mary told you, but I've been deeply preoccupied with the Ray defense (meaning the defense of Justice), to the degree that I was able to get him to ask that Bud be his lawyer. This has created many added and a few new problems. It is a heavy burden because the almost-certain success is jeopardized by what we have seen so much of, and I must cope with it as best I can, alone, for no help is possible. This time I have decided that if persuasion will not do it, I'll go further. Thanks for the added comment, and please think. HW